THE RESTLESS SEX

A Romantic Film Drama With · MARION DAVIES.

By Robert W. Chambers.

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures.

"The Restless Sex," soon to be seen in all leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan Production, released in a Paramount-Artereft picture.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

She nestled close to him as they went out to dinner, all three very gay and loquacious, and the two men keenly conscious of the girl's rapid development, of the serious change in her, the scarcely sup-pressed exuberance, the sparkling and splendid bodily vitality.
As they entered the dining-room:

"Oh, Meacham, I'm glad to see you, she cried, impulsively, taking the little withered man's hands into

both of hers.

There was no reply, only in the burnt-out eyes a sudden mist—the first since his mistress had passed

"Dad do you mind if I run down a moment to see Lizzie and Janet and Amanda? Dear, I'll be right back—" She was gone, light-footed, eager, down the service stairs—a child again in the twinkling of an eye. The two men, vaguely smiling, remained stand-

When she returned, Meacham seated her. She picked up the blossom beside her palte, saw the other at the unoccupied place opposite, and her eyes suddenly filled. There was a moment's silence, then she kissed the petals and placed the flower in her hair. "My idea," she began, cheerfully, think I'd like to go to the theater

The men's laughter checked her and she toined in You do understand, both of you!" she insisted. "You're tormenting me and you know it! I don't go to the theater to amuse myself. I go to inform myself-to learn, study, improve myself in the art of self-expression-Jim, you are a beast to grin at me!"

"Steve, for heaven's sake, be a human girl for a few moments and have a good time!" "That's my way of having a good time, I wish to go to studios and see painters and sculptors at work! I wish to go to plays and con-

"How about seeing a real author "You?" she divined with a dainty sniff.

"Certainly. Come up any morning and watch genius work a lead-pencil. That ought to educate you and leave an evening or two for danc-"Jim, I positively do not care for

parties. I don't even desire to waste one minute of my life, Ordimary people bore me, I tell you-

"Sometimes," she retorted, with delighted malice. And turning swiftly to Cleland Senior: "As for you, darling, I could spend every you and not be bored for one sec-

The claret in John Cleland's glass -claret forbidden under Dr. Wil-mer's regime—glowed like a ruby. But he could not permit Stephanie to return without that old-fashioned formality.

So John Cleland rose, hand, his hair and mustache ver

white against the ruddy skin. Steve, dear, you and Jim have never brought me anything, but happiness-anything but honor to come you home, dear, to your own place among your own people. Jim we have the honor-our little Ste-

phanie! Welcome home!

The young fellow rose, smiling, and bowed gaily to Stephanie. 'Welcome home," he said "dearest of sisters and most engaging in-

surgent of your restless sex!" That night Stephanie seemed possessed of a gay demon of demonstrative mischief. She conversed with Jim so seriously about his authorship that at first he did not realize that he was an object of sarcastic and delighted malice. When he did comprehend that she was secretly laughing at him, he turned so red wth surprise and indignation that his father and Stephanie gave way to helpless laughter. Seated there on the sofa across the room, tense, smiling, triumphantly and delightfully danger-

ous, she blew an airy kiss at Jim: "That will teach you to poke fun at me," she said. "You're no longer an object of fear and veneration just because you're writing a book! The young fellow laughed

"I am easy," he admitted, "All authors are without honor in their own families. But wouldn't it surprise you, Steve, if the world took my book respectfully?"

"Not at all. That's one of the reasons I don't. The opinion of or dinary people does not concern me. she said with gay impudence, "and if your book is a best'seller it ought to worry you, Jim.",
"You don't think," he demanded

sadly, "that there's anything in "Oh, Jim!"-swiftly remorseful-"I was joking, of course." And,

seeing by his grin that he was, too, turned up her nose, regretting too late her hasty and worm-hearted remorse.

"How common, this fishing for praise and sympathy!" she remarked disdainfully. "Dad, does he read his immortal lines to you at

inopportune moments? Cleland Senior, in his arm-chair white-haired, deeply ruddy, been laughing during the bantering

passage at arms between the two loved best on earth. He seemed the ideal personification of hale and wholesome age, sounds as a bell, very handsome

that the flush on his face seemed rather heavier and deeper than the usual healthy colour. "Dad," evclaimed the girl, im-

pulsively, "you certainly are the hest-looking thing in all New York! I don't think I shall permit you to go walking alone all by yourself any more. Do you hear me?" She sprang up lightly, went over and seated herself on the arm of his chair, murmuring close to his face gay little jests, odd, quaint while she smoothed his hair to her satisfaction, re-tied his evening tie,

patted his lapels, and finally kissed him lightly between his eyebrows continuing her murmured nonsense "I won't have other women looking sideways at you-the hussies!

I'm jealous. I shall hereafter walk

+ out with you. Do you hear what I threaten?-you very flighty and deceitful man! Steve is going to chaperon you everywhere you go."

John Cleland's smile altered sub-

"Not everywhere, Steve." "Indeed, I shall! Every step you 'No dear.'

'Why not?" "Because—there is one rather necessary trip I shall have to make

Some day—"
A moment's silence; then her arms around his neck:
"Dad!" she whispered, in breathless remonstrance.

Yes, dear?" "Don't you—feel well?"
"Perfectly."

"Perfectly."

"Then," fiercely, "dont dare hint such things!"

"About the—journey I spoke of?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes! Don't say such a thing! You are not going!—until I go,

'If I could postpone the trip on

your account—"
"Dad! Do you want to break my heart and kill me by such

"There, Steve, I was merely teasing. Men of my age have a poor
way of joking sometimes. I
mean to postpone that trip. Indeer, I do, Steve. You're a handful
and I've got to eep hold of you for a long while yet." Jim overheard that much: "A handful? Rubbish!" he re-

marked. 'Send her to bed at nine for the next few years and be careful about her diet and censor her reading matter. That's all Steve needs to become a real grown-up some day." Stephanie had risen to face the

shafts of good-natured sacasm.
"Suppose," she said, "that I told
you I had sent a poem to a certain magazine and that it had been ac-"I'd say very amiably that you

are precocious," he replied torment-

"Brute! I did! I sent it!" "They accepted it?"

"I don't know," she admitted, pink with annoyance; "but it won't sur-prise me very much if they accept it. Really, Jim, do you think no-body else can write anything worth considering? Do you really believe that you embody all the talent in New York? Do you?" And, to Cleland Senior: "Oh, Dad, isn't he the horrid personification of everything irritatingly masculine? And I'll bet his old novel is perfectly common-place. I think I'll go up to his room and take a critical glance at it-"

"Hold on, Steve!" he exclaimed—for she was already going. She glanced over her shoulder with a deflant smile, and he sprang up to follow and overtake her. But Stephanie's legs were long

and her feet light and swift, and she was upstairs and inside his room before he caught her, reaching for the sacred manuscript. "Oh, Jim," she coaxed, beguiling-

ly, "do let me have one little peep at it, there's a dear fellow! Just one little—" "Not yet, Steve. It isn't in any

shape. Wait till it's typed-"I don't care. I can read your writing easily-"
"It's all scored and cross-written

and messed up-"Please, Jim! I'm simply half dead with curiosity," she admitted. "Be an angel brother and let me sit here and hear you read the first chapter—only one little chapter. Won't you?" she pleaded with melting sweetness.

"I-I'd be-embarrassed---" "What! To have your own sister hear what you've written?"

There was a short silence. The word "sister" was meant to be reassuring to both. To use it came instinctively to her as an inspiration. partly because she had vaguely felt that some confirmation of such matter-of-fact relationship would put them a little more perfectly at their ease with each other.

For they had not been entirely at their ease. Both were subtly aware of that—she had first betrayed it by her offered hand instead of the friendly and sisterly kiss which had been a matter of course until now. "Come," she said, gaily, "be a good child and read the pretty story to little sister.

She sat down on the edge of his bed; he, already seated at his desk, frowned at the pile of manuscript

"I'd rather talk," he said. 'About what?"

"Anything. Honestly, Steve, I'll let you see it when it's typed. But I rather hate to show anything until it's done-I don't like to have people see the raw edges and the machinery."

"I'm not 'people.' How horrid. Also, it makes a difference when a girl is not only your sister but also somebody who intends to devote her life to artistic self-expression. You can read your story to that kind of girl, I should hope!

'Haven't you given that up?" "Given up what?" "That mania for self-expression.

as you call it." "Of course not." "What do you think you want to do?" he asked uneasily

"Jim, you are entirely too patronizing. I don't 'think' I want to do anything; but I know I desire to find some medium for self-expression and embrace it as a profes-

That rather crushed him for a moment. Then: There'll be time enough to start that question when you grad-

"It is not a question I intend to express myself some day. Aand you might as well reconcile yourself to that idea."

"Suppose you haven't anything worth expressing?" "Are you teasing?" She flushed slightly

"Oh, yes, I suppose I am teasing you. But, Steve, neither father nor I want to see you enter any unconventional profession. It's no good for a girl unless she is destined for it by a talent that amounts genius. If you have that, it ought to show by the time you grad-

(To Be Continued Monday.) (Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)



What Chance Has Mere Traffic?



C. D. BATCHELOR



The Kingdom of the Baby

By Loretto C. Lynch, An Acknowledged Expert On All

Matters Pertaining to Domestic

Management. VISITED the nursery of one of America's wealthiest babies recently. The baby was just all smiles and good nature, although the day was warm enough to melt several collars. He was playing with building blocks on the floor and semed to enjoy it.

The room was decidedly unfurnished. A very heavy linoleum covered the floor. There was an electric fan set high on a shelf. Besides humming a tune baby enjoyed, it helped keep the air in motion. There was a large closet which held the toys and the tiny chair and table baby used at meal times. The windows were screened. And baby himself had on practically nothing but a simple romper. Not a bit of food was he allowed except those few things besides milk which any mother may learn about first hand at the local board of health. And he was healthy and happy and sweet tempered.

I could not help but compare this baby's kingdom with several others I have been observing. There is the case of Baby Bob. His mother is a poor young woman. She spends oodles of time ironing the fanciest of beruffled clothes for her baby. When he goes out, he does not dare creep to develop his muscles. He is constantly on exhibition.

And when he cries he immediately has something stuck into his mouth. Why I saw this child given an ice cream soda—a whole one for himself—and the mother was silly enough to ask the baby whether he liked strawberry or some other flavor.

When we saw recently that some of the babies brought up in the tenements of a great city are taking prizes for health we ought to pause and give especial praise to the brave little mothers of these prize children who have won out under such difficulties. Yet every one of them will tell you that they have followed the directions of the board of health or the milk stations, where there are folks that really

No mother ought to permit herself to become too engrossed in housekeeping to neglect one of the nation's precious babies. During the summer months especially, so arrange your housework that you will be able to give baby more than one sponge bath a day. This is far fort than the cleaning of windows or the dusting of chairs.

No mother can expect to keep baby's milk in proper condition unless she takes the trouble to keep it in a cold place. There are on the market several devices calling for no ice. It is advisable to look into these before purchasing a refrigerator, however, tiny, which re-But if it is only a small dish-pan

with a similar pan inverted over it. may be used as an improvised refrigerator for keeping baby's milk cold. Milk left out of the refrigerator for even ten minutes is not desirable. Think of this when your milk dealer leaves the milk at 5 a, m. on a warm morning and you do not arise until 7 or 8 to put it into the refrigerator. Neglect your housework, if you must, but do not neglect that precious baby.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

MEN of science have discovered new disatsters for our race, they are zealous, so they tell us eating is our prime disgrace. They are men of wondrous learning earnest men and eloquent; they grow tearful, being fearful of our appetites' extent. So they paint a vivid picture of the awful foods we mustard, things too sour and things too sweet. And they speak of groaning tables, laden down with roasted pig; turkeys, fishes, fussedbig. Say, I long to tell these chappies who deplore our ample food, groaning tables are but fables till the food-sharks be subdued. And need not ever worry over turkeys on my plate, should they

By Brice Belden, M. D.

estimated that in forty days a fe-

male fly may have 12,000,000 de-

The house-fly is a great little

carrier of bacteria, and spends its

days flitting betwen the sugar

basin, milk pan and any decompos-

ing material available. Its hairy,

sticky feet make it a most efficient

agent for diffusing any germs it

that the fly carries infective ma-

terial. Flies have been allowed to

walk over cultures of bacteria and,

afterward, over sterile plates of

culture medium. A rich crop of

germs always developed in their

It is the usual thing for bacteri-

ologists to catch flies with "the

goods on them." There are numer-

ous instances in which the organ-

isms causing cholera, typhoid fever,

tuberculosis and the plague have

been recovered from the bodies of

flies which were captured in the

neighborhood of cases of these dis-

The spread of contagious eye dis-

eases has been connected with the

agency of flies in carrying special

Besides bacteria, the eggs of vari-

ous parasites which live in man if

once they gain access have been

the improvement in health condi-

tions wherever flies are destroyed

or prevented from gaining access

It is at the beginning of the fly

No decomposing refuse, such as

Effective screening is one of the

garbage or dead animals, should be permitted to lie around anywhere

most important of all the preven-

Flies should be kept out of build-

ings altogether, and particularly should kitchens and dining rooms

be free from these dangerous pests

at all times. Be sure to keep them from the faces of sleeping babies.

Why Not, Indeed?

man, "is just as good as another-

if not better." "And one man," said the fair widow, "is just as bad as

another-if not worse,"

One woman," remarked the mere

season that preventive work is most

Nothing is better established than

proved to be carried by flies.

to our persons and food.

effective.

exposed to flies.

germs from eye to eye.

has been abundantly proven

scendants.

may pick up.

footprints.

HE house-fly multiplies during

the warm months from April

to September. It has been

met none since 'nought-eight. Doubtless scientific fellows mean well with their wise advice, but I wonder how in thunder they suppose we'd raise the price? It is twice as sure as shooting eats are hard on many guys; 'tis no questoin of digestion or eliminating pies. There's no trouble over menus fulled with cake and cavair; just at present, quail and pheasant are not on our bill of fare. worries us, however; yea it keeps us very sore; always fretting over getting bread enough for one day more; speaking sweetly to the grocer when we go to buy some Yes, we dread it, asking credit, for no coin is in our leans. makes trouble, without doubt. That s clever, but they never tell us how to do without.

Household Open Season For Flies Suggestions

and clean. The flavor of tea. coffee and spices is injured by air and moisture: therefore, store them in airtight containers. Roasted coffee, especially when ground, loses flavor rapidly. Do not lay in a large stock unless you can roast and grind it at home. The fat in chocolate may turn rancid; so keep it cool and

To clean light gray doeskin gloves let the gloves soak in a saucer with sufficient gacoline to cover them: take out, do not squeeze, but let the dirty liquid drip off. Lay on a thick clean cloth, and with a dry piece of rag rub down, working from the wrist to the fingers. Constantly change the surface of the rag, for as soon as it gets dirty it is apt to smear them. After this, if the gloves are not quite clean, put them through the same process again and hang in the air.

A little care in washing is all that is necessary to preserve the brightness of scarlet, pink and blue flannels for a long time. All these colors require a nice warm lather; dry soap must never be used or them, and a teaspoonful of salt should be added to the suds and the rinsing water for scarlet and pink, and the same quantity of ammonia for blue. They should then be well shaken and hung out at once to dry. Articles of a delicate blue that must be washed often are ruined by careless washing.

The Atlantic, the second largest of the four great oceans, has an area of 30,000,000 square miles.

Tin in the Hebrides. The recent discovery of deposits

of surface tin and traces of other metals in the Hebrides has aroused considerable interest in archaeological circles, the theory having previously obtained that the tin used in the manufacture of Scottish bronze in prehistoric times had been imported from Cornwall. In this bronze contains a larger proportion of lead than English bronze. . The Gaelic word for tin is "staoin," which also means "pewter." Hebridean tin is said to have more than the usual proportion of lead. The discovery is also believed to have a bearing on the problem of the Cassiterides (Tin Islands) of classical writers. There are Gaslie tin place-names in the Hebrides and on the mainland.

fection almost more complete. I couldn't make it out. What How Often Do old pair see in Val Cosby? Didn't they disapprove of her? They are You Eat Rice? of the country. Don't they know the story of the way Val lured By Loretto C. Lynch,

An Expert on All Matters Having to.

Do With Domestic Management. TOW often do you have rice? H Let me pass on to you some information gleaned from a isit to the bungalow of a film actress in Los Angeles.

As an aid to a clear complexion rice is invaluable, yet it might easily become monotonous.

Voicing this sentiment, my hostess invited me into the kitchenette to learn some of the delights of the

rice bowl. To prepare plain boiled rice, set to boil about two quarts of water. Pick over and wash one cupful (one-half pound) of rice. into the rapidly boiling water slowly so as not to stop the water from boiling. Occasionally lift the rice from bottom with a fork. Rice requires about twenty minutes boil-

Remove a grain and crush it with the finger. If no hard center remains, it is done. Drain it from the Rinse thoroughly in a water. strainer with running water. This will give about four cups of cooked fice. Spread it out on a shallow plate and set it to dry in an over with door ajar, or on top of an asbestos plate on the gas flames. When dry, it is ready for serving in the many delightful ways the peoples of the world have invented for this staple article of diet.

One of these simple ways is to reheat the portion desired in a very generous quantity of fresh milk in a double boiler. It may be sprinkled with a dusting of powdered sugar and a few grains of powdered cin-For a change add a very few nice.

fat California raisins, or serve without milk but a little meat gravy to give variety to the flavor. There are a number of dishes founded on rice not especially designed to meet the requirements of a defective complexion. Rice prepared as previously directed may.

after it has dried, be combined with

canned tomato and minced onion and green pepper and seasoning and cooked to a turn. The men folks are always fond of this. Then there is a glorious rice tafel of the Dutch East Indies. It is rice cooked with minced or dried chicken and pieces of boned white fish, with a dash of curry as well as the regular seasonings.

But the housewife who would use

rice for her family must first learn to cool it correctly. Salt in the proportion of one level tablespoon to two quarts of what may cooked with the rice. Some folks like a very little salt pork cooked with the tomato, onion, etc., and served with the rice. If your family does not like rice, look to your method of cooking it. The directions given in the beginning of this article give excellent results. Of course, a diet of rice and milk. if persisted in for a great length of time, might not only become tiresome but it might also be insufficient for body requirements. But for a month or so, for those who would cool down and for those who confess to overinduigence in the

Natural Question.

richer foods, you will find it a wel-

Daughter-Oh. father, how grand it is to be alive! The world is too good for anything! Why 'isn't Father-Who is he this time?

come change.

When a Girl Marries

had to pinch myself to convince my-

self that it was all real.

Vale and Lane had two other guests besides us. They had been

introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Pettingill, a name which fitted them well enough. But all through dinner "Uncle Ned" and "Aunt Mollie," and

once or twice I had pulled myself up on the verge of addressing them

in the same informal way. They seemed like old friends to me. But

never did two people seem more

incongruous than they as the Uncle

and Aunt of exotic, creamy-voiced, provocative Val.
Uncle Ned—to give him the title

that just seemed to fit—is a tall, rangy, gray-haired man with big

hands and big feet that shuffle a

bit in Congress gaiters when he

walks. He wore a formal frock coat of the sort Henry Clay affected over half a century ago, a "boiled shirt" with a low collar under it, a

ready-made bow tie and a sweeping

white mustache that seems part of his costume. He kept stroking it with knotted, veined old hands

guiltless of acquaintance with any manicure, past or present.
At first glance Uncle New seemed

like a caricature of a civil war veteran. But his rugged shoulders,

his clear skin and, above all, the

keenest, bluest eyes I've ever seen

make him a personality. He breathes power and ruggedness, and

he has an air of being accustomed

to have people listen when his

drawling voice rolls out with its

Aunt Mollie is a dear little old lady, with apple cheeks, little brown beads for eyes, and thick, gray hair, parted in the middle and

crowning her head in neat braids

Her figure is scant across the chest

and rolled out a bit under her waist of brown shot silk. She wore

a round collar of tatting, a large

pink cameo to fasten it and a black velvet ribbon clasp in ame-

thysts on each of her round, pretty

WHAT COULD THEY SEE!

that would slide down from her

little fine nose as she worked, and

a bag from which she kept drop-

ping the gray wool she was knitting into socks even at dinner, completed my inventory of the dearest little old lady I'd ever seen.

Val seemed to adore the old cou-

ple, and they treated her as if she were the apple of their eye. And yet they were precisely the sort of

people whom I would have imag-ined holding up their hands in Pur-

itanical horror at Val's bizarre costumes and exotic manner. But she and they were clearly on a basis of complete understanding and ac-

under the sun could this amazing

clearly home folks from her part

Lane from his poor crazy first wife,

A question from Aunt Molie

promised an answer to one of mine

Val tells me that you ain't from a

you two girls have got on to city

ways. You got here first, though

Are you real careful what folks

The little apple-cheeked old lady

was peering at me intently, shrewd-

ly over her glasses. And out of the

you let our Val meet?"

big city, either. It's wonderful how

"Miss Harrison," said she, "our

Severe gold-trimmed spectacles

slow air of finality.

white wrists.

Loretta?

ere long.

By Anne Lisle.

band watching her with admiring approval as he sat tilted back in a Sheraton chair, smoking with an accustomed air the sort of cigar Copyright, 1920, by King Feature Syndicate, Wilen we sautered into Val's living room at the end of a sumptuous dinner I almost

which comes wrapped in silver foil and doesn't come less than two for a dollar.
"Val knows all the people I de now. Mrs. Pettingill. Probably you'll meet tham if you stay here for a real visit. Then you can see

for yourself. I've an idea you're an excellent judge of human nature, Mrs. Pettingill," I said, with what I hoped was tact, for I found myself wanting this little old lady to like "Mercy, child, call me Aunt Mollie! You're our Val's friend, and that makes us feel kinda kin," she said briskly, turning the heel intently, and then resuming the thread of her conversation. "Well, now, I met one friend-or rather

acquaintance—of Val's I didn't think was such great shakes. Is she a lady friend of yours, too? Miss Mason, Miss Evelyn Mason by name. NO FRIEND OF MINE. "She's no friend of mine," I re-plied, and the words burst out more emphatically than I realized until

they were spoken.
"I knew it!" said Uncle Ned, rising and coming over to shake my hand as if he had decided that I was worth knowing. Then he turned to the little old wife with courtly dignity. "May I speak my

"Go on, Neddie," she smiled, look-ing up from the stocking heel to flash him a glance of affection and understanding that was like a bene-"I take it we're all friends," he

said, and the compelling glance of his keen eyes would probably have made a traitor get up and slink from the room. "Well, Mollie and from the room. "Well, Mollie and me met up with this Mason woman when we were vacationing at that sweel resort-Atlantic City. And she kinds taking to some of the folks we was with, put up with the old gent and his bride, too.

'And one day, conversational-like when she finds where we come from, and where we are heading to, she starts on our Val. All she could twist and turn, she balls up. And I had to set her straight. Maybe I wasn't none too gentle. And, finally, my bride over there she calls the turn just right. Tell 'em what you said Mollie."

"'Twas Ned's idea," protested Aunt Mollie gently. "We figgered out that this woman didn't understand our Val-never would. So we just thought that seein' as how we've known and loved our Val a number of years we'd come to where she lives and put anyone that doesn't understand her, on the right path. And at the same time, we thought we'd find out a leetle more about this Mason woman. That kind's easy to muzzle when you get 'em worked up for fear you'll kind of reveal the ways of their minds to folks."

At this point, Val spoke. And now the cream of her voice had deepened and had the thrill of simple devotion. Everything about her revealed a primitive, unspoiled woman such as I had never glimpsed-even when I saw her at

"Anne, have you listened to them?" she cried. "Have you heard the two truest friends in the world telling their idea of service? They're going to leave the ranch they adore and camp here in one of the cities that stifles them, so as to make sure that a malicious weman doesn't hurt Lane and me. What am I going to do to be worthy of such love? "What are you going to do?" I found myself repeating, wondering

as I spoke what Val had already done to earn such devotion. (To Be Continued.)

tail of my eye I could see her hus-Anecdotes of the Famous

T TOW Thackery decided on the name for one of his books is revealed in the following anecdote attributed to Mr. Philip New man, whose wife was a schoolmate of the novelist's daughter, and afterward kept up an intimacy with the family. One day when Miss Thackery and the future Mrs. Newman were out for a walk Miss Thackery remarked that her father had started a new story but was at a loss for the hero's name. The future Mrs. Newman, with her flance in her thoughts, suggested that the pame Philip might serve the purpose. At that moment who should come up unobserved behind the two girls but Thackery himwho asked why the young people were so deep in conversation. Miss Thackery revealed the subject under discussion and told him her friend's suggestion. "Admirable!" was Thackery's verdict. "And now, my dear," he continued, what is your name?" "Charlotte." "Well, that's a very nice name, too," he replied, and he called his tale "The

According to Louis Calvert, author of "problems of the Actor,"," late Beerbohm Tree had not the faculty of feeling the primary emotions and projecting them, so to speak, across the footlights. So he was compelled to get his effects by means of artifice, which-as in the case of the orange he carried at Woolsey-was seldom in accordance with the true sinnificance of the character depicted. Two curious examples are given by Mr. Calvert of this actor's arange ingenuity in divising crowd-compelling business. He could only make Svengelli's death impressive by falling across a table with his head hanging over the edge so that the audience saw it upside down, with the eyes staring wierdly in death! And as the Baron in "Jim the Penman, when Jim was lying dead in the chair, and he had to make the audience realize that he knew the forger was dead he walked up to the body in an almost unconcerned way, passed his hand over the brows, and coolly wiped the death-sweat off his hand an his coat!

Adventures of Philip," and the

principal woman character Char-

One of President's Lincoln's careful habits was always to "pay by checque," but once when a certain colored man who had been doing odd jobs around the White House came for his pay it transpired that he was uncertain of his legal name -negroes who had been slaves often Most people would have found it difficult to pay by checque in those circumstances. Not so the resourceful Mr. Lincoln. He wok his pen in hand as usual and we can imagine with what a twinkle in his eye he commanded the Riggs National Bank of Washington to

pay five dollars to the order of "a coloured man with one leg." The bank honored the checque and kept it as a souvenir, considering that so characteristic a memorial of the great President was easily worth

Precious Memory.

The spinster waited two or three hours to be admitted to the presence of the man who visited their town once a month to retail good advice and his own proprietary medicine.

At last she was admitted. "Yes, yes," said the brusque doc-"I want to know if influenza can

be transmitted by kissing? "Beyond doubt, madam." "Well a man with a pronounced

case of influenza kissed me." "How long ago was this?" "Well let's see. I think it was about two months."

"Why, madam! No harm can come to you now from the exposure. It "I know it," she sighed, "but I just love to talk about it."

The Polite Retort.

Miggleton is an extremely goodtempered young man, and he makes a point of nice speaking. One day he was eyeling along a broad road when he espied ahead a lady, also cycling, who was wide of figure, and uncertain as to steering. Fearing an accident Miggleton reluct-antly rang his bell gently and politely, of course. The lady ahead promptly wobbled frantically, and ended up by dismounting with more speed than grace. Miggleton hurried to her assistance, to be met with the spiteful remark, "Do you want all the road?" "No. madam. replied Miggleton courteously. bominate selfishness. I was simply desirous of being permitted to make use of the small portion which you were not using.'

In Safe Custody.

An old lady, sitting in the porch of a country hotel, was approached by a young boy, who asked, "Can you crack nuts? The old lady smiled. "No, my dear, I can't," she replied. "I lost all my teeth years "Then," said the boy, extending two hands full of nuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more!"

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum